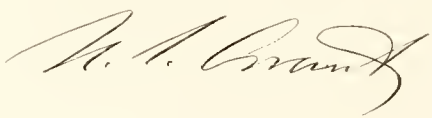
E 672
.B74
Copy 1

Class E672
Book .B74



DUPLICATE N. Y. PUB. LIB. DUPLICATE.

EXCHANGED

MEMORIAL

OF

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

A

MEMORIAL

OF

ULYSSES S. GRANT

FROM THE

CITY OF BOSTON.

The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command. — *Speech of Grant in Hamburg, Germany, 1877.*

Although a soldier by profession, I have never felt any fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace. — *Speech of Grant in London, 1877.*

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE CITY COUNCIL.
MDCCCLXXXV.

In Exch
N. Y. Pub. Lib.

PRESS OF
ROCKWELL & CHURCHILL
BOSTON.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, October 26, 1885.

Ordered, That the Clerk of Committees be authorized to prepare for publication the proceedings of the City Council upon the death of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, together with an account of the Memorial Services on the 22d of October, at Tremont Temple, including the Eulogy pronounced on the occasion by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; that six thousand copies be printed, and fifty copies furnished to each member of the City Council, and the remaining copies distributed under the direction of the Committee on Printing; the expense thereby incurred to be charged to the appropriation for Incidentals.

Passed. Sent down for concurrence.

Nov. 5, came up concurred.

Approved by the Mayor Nov. 7, 1885.

A true copy.

Attest: AUG. N. SAMPSON,

City Clerk.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Action of the City Government	9
Death of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant	11
Proceedings of the Board of Aldermen	13
Remarks of His Honor Mayor O'Brien	13
Resolutions offered by Alderman Hart	16
Remarks of Alderman Hart	17
Remarks of Alderman Donovan	19
Action relative to attending Funeral and holding Memorial Services	21
Proceedings of the Common Council	23
Remarks of William M. Osborne	23
Remarks of Isaac Rosnosky	25
Remarks of William Taylor, Jr.	27
Remarks of Harvey N. Collison	28
Remarks of Charles W. Whitcomb	29
Remarks of Benjamin B. Jenks	30
Remarks of Francis L. White	31
Remarks of William H. H. Emmons	31
Meeting in Faneuil Hall	37
Opening Address of His Excellency Governor Robinson	42
Resolutions offered by Ex-Mayor Prince	46
Remarks of Ex-Mayor Prince	47
Address of Hon. Charles Devens	50
Memorial Services	61
Prayer by Rev. B. F. Hamilton	64
Ode by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe	67
Poem by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney	69
Eulogy by Henry Ward Beecher	75
Final Proceedings	101
Chronological Table of the Life of General Ulysses S. Grant	105

ACTION OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

DEATH OF GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Ulysses Simpson Grant, the eighteenth President of the United States, and the illustrious Union General, died at eight minutes past eight o'clock, on the morning of Thursday, July 23, 1885, at Mount McGregor, in the State of New York.

For several months prior to his death General Grant had been suffering from a cancerous affection of the throat, which had assumed a malignant character and seriously undermined his health, and occasioned to his friends the deepest anxiety regarding his condition. Upon the advent of warm weather his physicians advised his speedy removal from his city home in New York to the more favorable retirement of the country, and, on the sixteenth day of June, he was accordingly conveyed to the summer residence of Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, at Mount McGregor, in the Adirondacks. He arrived at his destination in an extremely weakened condition, but afterwards rallied, and at times during the interval of his sojourn at Mount McGregor seemed to improve in health and strength. With characteristic fortitude he bore the torments of a cruel and fatal disease without a murmur, and almost in the face of death calmly devoted his closing days to the preparation of his memoirs. This task apparently engrossed the mind of the dying hero, and his life was spared long enough to enable him to complete the literary labor he had undertaken. He lingered but a few short weeks in his new home, — weeks of pain and suffering on his part, and of tender solicitude on the part of his friends and the nation for

whom he had done so much. His death took place as above stated, and General Grant passed away, surrounded by the members of his household and loving friends, and mourned by the whole civilized world.

The intelligence of the death of General Grant was flashed by telegraph over the country, and, immediately upon the reception of the sad news in Boston, the fire-alarm bells, with their solemn tolling, announced to our people that the dying General, whose sufferings had so long held their hearts, had closed his earthly career.

The following call was issued by His Honor Mayor O'Brien to the members of the two branches of the City Council to assemble in their respective chambers and take appropriate action regarding the calamity that had befallen the nation: —

CITY OF BOSTON.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
July 23, 1885.

To the Honorable City Council of Boston: —

Having been informed of the death, which occurred this morning, of Ulysses S. Grant, ex-President of the United States, you are hereby requested to assemble in your respective chambers, on this Thursday afternoon, at two o'clock, for the purpose of taking such action touching the sorrowful event as will appropriately express the sympathy of our citizens over this national bereavement and their respect for the memory of the illustrious deceased.

HUGH O'BRIEN,
Mayor.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

His Honor Mayor O'Brien presided and read the call, which was sent down.

The Mayor then made the following address: —

Gentlemen of the Board of Aldermen, — It is a solemn event which calls us together to-day. The news of the death of General Ulysses S. Grant is in the possession of the world. Throughout civilized countries the announcement of that sad fact is visibly felt. The nation, which the dead hero did so much to preserve, has the unqualified sympathy of all other lands at this moment. This fact alone is one of the strongest evidences of the greatness of the departed.

When we glance at the past, and reflect on the achievements of General Grant, it is not strange that America keenly mourns his loss. No citizen of the present generation has stood so prominently before the public as General Grant, or has rendered more distinguished services to his country. Comparatively unknown at the commencement of the late war, his patriotism and love of country led him to take an active part early in the struggle, and his bravery, his courage, and his indomitable will soon placed him at the head of our army.

During the long struggle that followed, in victory or defeat, he never faltered. Determined and resolute, he felt the importance of his position. He knew that on his success depended the preservation of the Union. He was always true to his country, and his name will be honored

and respected for all time for the distinguished services he rendered that country in her hour of need. An indomitable will and courage characterized his whole life, even through the dark days which preceded his journey into the valley of death. If he had any faults they are forgotten in remembrance of his many virtues.

When peace was proclaimed he was elevated by his fellow-countrymen to the highest position in their gift. As the successor of Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Jackson, and Lincoln, he became, by common consent, the first man in the republic, and it may well be said of him that he was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Now that he has gone, it is our duty, as liberty-loving people, to place upon record our tributes of love and respect for his memory as a man, a citizen, and a soldier. While all other sections of the Union are remembering him, Boston desires to add its grateful acknowledgments for the services he rendered it as a part of this republic in the dark days of war. Honesty of purpose, courage, patriotism, and honor were among the qualities which he possessed in an eminent degree. These were all placed at the disposal of his country at a time when their worth was of inestimable value. The whole Union profited by them, and the city of Boston will ever cherish the share of glory and honor which came to it through the efforts of this renowned soldier.

In the prime of life he has been taken from among us. With a robust constitution, there was a prospect that he would live for many years, and enjoy a peaceful old age. Providence has willed it otherwise.

It is sad to reflect that, in the late financial crisis, the last year of his life was one of trouble and embarrassment, through no act of his, and over which he had no control. He lost his worldly possessions, but he preserved his manhood, his integrity, and his honor, by voluntarily giving up all that he possessed, even the presents that a grateful nation and admiring friends had forced upon him. He met the disaster with the same courage and fortitude that marked every act of his public life.

His countrymen, however, were determined that he should never suffer financially. From all sections of the land Congress was petitioned to place him on the retired list of the army, so as to enable him to pass the remainder of his days in peaceful repose. He was not permitted, however, long to enjoy this manifestation of the gratitude of the nation. It came at a time when the hand of death had marked him as its victim; but it must have been a consolation to him, in his dying hours, to know that his country held him in such grateful remembrance.

All honor to his memory! Eternal peace to the great soldier, the true patriot! Since he stood in the breach, some twenty years ago, the nation has wonderfully increased and prospered. We are more united than ever. There is now no doubt about the preservation of the Union. Fifty-five millions of people now mourn his loss and bless his memory. Every State and city and town in the republic now mourns for the illustrious dead. His name for all time will be handed down as the benefactor of his country and of his race.

In this hour of mourning we should remember that

death spares no one. We must all pass, sooner or later, to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour, —
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

I would suggest that arrangements be made by the City Council to have a formal eulogy pronounced at an early day upon the life and character of General Grant.

The Chair awaits the pleasure of the Board.

Alderman HART offered the following: —

Resolved, That the City Council of Boston has learned with the profoundest sorrow of the death of General ULYSSES S. GRANT, ex-President of the United States.

Resolved, That the city of Boston, in common with our fellow-citizens in all sections of the country, desires to express its sincere sorrow over this national bereavement, and to offer its tribute of affection and respect to the memory of the gallant hero whose acts in life have done so much to preserve our Union.

Resolved, That by the death of General Grant the country has lost an illustrious soldier, whose fame is world-wide, and whose name will ever be reverenced by the whole American people. As a patriot he will be remembered always with love and gratitude by all future generations. In history the name of Grant must be

coupled with those of Washington and Lincoln. Like them he was a man of great deeds, the fame of which will never die.

Resolved, That General Grant's life is eminently worthy of emulation by all intelligent and patriotic young men, noted, as it was, for a strict regard for all the virtues in private life, and for doing, in his official career, only those things which have redounded to the benefit of all his countrymen. The type of citizen which was portrayed by these qualities is the only kind through which this country can be preserved.

Resolved, That the members of the City Council, individually and collectively, extend to the afflicted family of the deceased ex-President their warmest and sincere sympathies in this sorrowful hour.

Alderman HART said: —

Mr. MAYOR, — The noblest tribute which we pay to the most illustrious men is to understand them rather than to praise them, and to act in our sphere of life, be it wide or narrow, as they acted in theirs. General Grant has been intrusted with the very highest powers and honors in the gift of the American people. A special military rank was created that he might adorn it. Yet he resigned it in order to fill the presidency, to which he was called by the suffrages of his countrymen. So marked and profuse were the favors which the greatest nation on earth — our nation — showered upon the eminent captain who crushed the rebellion, that some of our best-informed and truly patriotic fellow-citizens charged him with

Cæsarism. But what followed? Suspected at home by the few, who misjudged him, General Grant encircled the globe, and received the heartfelt homage of mighty rulers and great foreign nations. Then he returned to the unostentatious simplicities of private life, and finally, broken in health and fortune, tried to retrieve his shattered estate by the humble labors and toils of his pen.

Thus has he illustrated the virtues which, in centuries long past, made Rome the mistress of the world. He has wielded the power of a Cæsar without making a Cæsar's mistake. He never sought power or place: they were conferred upon him by a free people. He never asked for popular favors: they were offered to him. As very few men he has been honored, trusted, admired, loved. And, lest his cup should run over, he has been called upon to taste the bitterness of life to its very dregs. He has been betrayed by those whom he trusted; he has suffered shame and reproach from those whom he shielded and honored. He has tasted the triumphs of victory, when the cause of our Union was trembling in the scale; twice has he occupied the presidency of the United States, than which there is no higher place on earth; and yet this captain of an incomparable army of freemen, this supreme magistrate of the great republic, has been selected, in the course of nature, which is the providence of Almighty God, to suffer in body, mind, and estate, like the humblest and the sorrow-laden of men whose name and fame will not be recorded by the Muse of History.

General Grant leaves to us an example of vast power never perverted to the detriment of his country. On the field he fought for the perpetuity of the Union; in the

highest civil office he defended the honor of his country; and everywhere he retained that simplicity of conduct which is the honor of the true republican. And this example, chastened by grief and sorrow, thank God, is imperishable. Surely, his fame is secure, and though he himself will no longer be seen in the public or private society of his country, the very grief which now fills our hearts with most tender emotions and our eyes with the tribute of our tears indicates that in a very high sense a noble man cannot die. The Union, one and inseparable, is not so much his monument as the handiwork and crown of his immortal daring. He lives in the United States, in the hearts of its people, in all true hearts. And as long as republican freedom lives, so long will General Grant, the great commander, the defender of our honor, and the simplest of men, live as truly as if there were no death, and as if the natural course of a human life were but its own sunrise and sunset.

Alderman Donovan said: —

Mr. Mayor, — In rising to second the resolutions that have been offered by Alderman Hart, I desire to do so in recognition of the valuable services which have been rendered by General Grant to the nation. The history of our land is full of the deeds of her children who have added lustre to her glory; yet among them all there is not one whose services have been fraught with such lasting results for the people's and the nation's good as those of the dead soldier for whom we mourn to-day. When the war cloud of rebellion lowered upon us, and in

the darkest days of those stirring times, a strong man was given to us, who, by his ability and generalship, turned the tide of victory in favor of the Union. It is not claiming too much to say that to General Grant, as much as to any one man, we owe the perpetuity of our free institutions and the continuation of our government as an undivided Union. This was accomplished when the rebellion was overthrown and the war was at an end. Called from the camp and field — which he had rendered illustrious in the annals of the world's history — to the council of the nation, he brought the same sterling qualities and indomitable will and energy. The ruler of armies became the ruler of a peaceful nation. His administration as President, as regards the individual, was above reproach. The faults and errors, if there were any, were born of the times, and were the result of the transition through which the people were passing. When from war and armies we changed to the pursuits of peace and happiness no man can say that the chief magistrate of a free people could have been worthier or more patriotic than he who had led the Union armies to victory. In other lands he who serves the state and fights her battles is crowned with titles, gifts of money and worldly honors; but in our country they crown the hero with the love of the people. Years have passed since General Grant contributed those great services which will ever render his memory green and give him a place in the people's love with Washington and Lincoln. To-day, after having missed a soldier's death, he lies dead, while a whole nation mourns. His last days, though clouded with worldly troubles, were brightened by the esteem and

love shown for him by his fellow-countrymen. I am forcibly reminded here of that time when rude dissension divided the people of the Union, and of those words of the great General, "Let us have peace." It found an answering echo in the hearts of millions. To-day fifty millions of freemen give forth that sentiment, and pray that he to whom they owe so much may rest in peace.

On motion of Alderman Donovan a rising vote was taken. The resolutions were passed unanimously. Sent down.

Alderman Welch offered the following: —

Ordered, That His Honor the Mayor cause the City Hall and Faneuil Hall to be appropriately draped, the flags to be displayed at half-mast upon the public buildings and grounds, and to have the City Hall and other public buildings closed on the day and the bells tolled during the hour set apart for the funeral of the late General Grant.

Passed. Sent down.

Alderman Whitten offered the following: —

Ordered, That a joint special committee, consisting of His Honor the Mayor, the Chairman, and two other members of the Board of Aldermen, the President and three other members of the Common Council, be appointed to attend the funeral of the late ex-President Grant, the expense attending the same, together with all other expenses incurred, to be charged to the contingent fund for joint committees.

Passed, and Alderman Hart and Welch were appointed on said committee. Sent down.

Alderman Donovan offered the following: —

Ordered, That a eulogy upon the life and public services of Ulysses S. Grant be pronounced at an early day before the City Council and the citizens of Boston, and that a committee of three members of this Board, with such as the Common Council may join, be appointed to make suitable arrangements therefor.

Passed, and Aldermen Donovan, Curtis, and Fernald were appointed on said committee. Sent down.

The Mayor read the following: —

Executive Department,

July 23, 1885.

To the Honorable City Council: —

I transmit herewith for your consideration a communication from C. F. Hartson, Superintendent of Tremont Temple.

HUGH O'BRIEN,

Mayor.

Boston, July 23, 1885.

Hon. Hugh O'Brien: —

Dear Sir, — As the city authorities will no doubt desire to suitably honor the memory of the late great commander of our armies, and ex-President of the United

States, who has just passed away, in behalf of the trustees I respectfully tender to the City Council the free use of Tremont Temple, at such time as they may please to designate for such a purpose, and

Remain, very respectfully,

C. F. HARTSON,

Superintendent.

Referred, on motion of Alderman Donovan, to the Committee on Eulogy.

Adjourned, on motion of Alderman Hart.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

The Common Council was called to order at 2.20. President Jenkins in the chair, and a quorum present.

The call was read and placed on file.

The resolutions adopted by the other branch were read and were put on their passage.

Mr. OSBORNE, of Ward 21, said: —

Mr. PRESIDENT, — I rise to utter a few words in support of the sentiments so appropriately expressed in the resolutions before us. This is the third time in the history of this great nation that the hearts of the whole people have been bowed down with sorrow at the untimely death of one of our most distinguished men.

Twenty years ago last April the assassin's bullet took away from us our good and great President, Abraham

Lincoln. It was in the moment of his greatest happiness, when the cares, anxieties, and great responsibilities of a long and bloody war were almost at an end. The great Captain whom we mourn to-day had borne to Washington and laid at his feet the surrender of Lee and the army of Virginia.

Four years ago the whole people were stricken with grief at the death of the murdered Garfield. And now to-day we are met to pay our tribute of respect to him who has been foremost in the hearts of all the people, *our* General of the Army. He was never defeated in war, and from Fort Donelson to Appomattox all along the line are written the glories of his great victories. His name is the most illustrious borne by any man in his time. He has stood upon the highest pinnacle of human distinction. His renown has filled every land under the sun, and with modesty, meekness, and simplicity he has seen, not only the poor and the humble, but the titled nobility of all Europe and Asia bow and uncover before him.

He had that estimable quality of mind and heart that never allowed him to forget his friends. "Their adoption tried he grappled to them with hooks of steel." If he had a weakness, it was that of trusting his friends too implicitly; but it is a weakness rather to be praised than censured.

In his terrible suffering he showed that same silent endurance and patient fortitude and courage that were ever with him as our great commander, and having passed safely and successfully through "the most disastrous chances of moving accidents by flood and field," he has been left to contend with that malignant monster

known as cancer of the throat, and the heroism of the closing hours of his life, with his mind clear and tranquil, went beyond that of the battle-field. Suffering untold agony, as the disease daily gnawed at his throat, he fought death as an equal.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Council, we remember what General Grant did when many of our present voters were in their cradles. We remember the nation's peril, its tribulations, its safety, and how he foresaw its growth, and its destiny. In such a moment as this we recognize the dead patriot as posterity and history will know him. In this recognition the North and the South, the East and the West, Democrat and Republican, black and white, become as brothers. The dead hero wrought for us all. Great was he in life, but greater will he be in death. And while time shall last, and mankind shall hear of the deeds of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, they will stand out as the three great characters of American history. We will ever guard with equal and sleepless vigilance their mighty worth, and cherish their memories forever.

"They were the lustre lights of their day,
The . . . giants,
Who clave the darkness asunder,
And beaconed us where we are."

Mr. Rosnosky, of Ward 16, said: —

Mr. President, — I desire to second the resolutions that have been offered in respect to the acts and career of the great Union General whose death has just taken place; and I wish to speak from the stand-point of one

born in a foreign land, who came to this country at an early age, and has ever since enjoyed those privileges which have been secured to the people of the United States largely through the successful efforts of the dead hero whom we now revere.

Coming to this country, as I did, when the civil war was in progress, and from a country where military genius was looked upon with the greatest admiration, I could not fail to take the deepest interest in the stirring events that were then taking place, in the terrible strife that was raging between the contending armies of the North and the South; and as my sympathies were all in the cause of the former, my attention was especially and immediately called to the leaders of the Union armies. General Grant was at that time just coming into prominence, and had begun to make himself felt in the struggle which he was destined to carry through to a successful termination. His genius as a military commander had already asserted itself, and I well remember his gradual but steady progress, from seeming obscurity in an unimportant place in the South-west to the proud position of Commander-in-Chief of the Union Armies. No one who lived in those stirring times can ever forget how the hopes of the nation were centred around this one man, and how, when Lee's surrender at Appomattox occurred, and the rebellion received its death-blow, General Grant was hailed as the second deliverer of his country, and assigned to a position side by side, I might almost say, with the immortal "Father of his country," George Washington.

The earthly career of the great Union General is now

terminated, but the remembrance of his great deeds, and the greater benefits he secured thereby to his country, will long linger in the hearts of the people. Criticism is out of place upon an occasion of this kind. History, in calmer mood, will mete out full justice to the dead hero; and, in the meantime, it is but right and proper to refer to those conspicuous traits in the character of General Grant that command our admiration, and that we all should emulate. Mr. President, I second the resolutions.

Mr. Taylor, of Ward 8, said: —

Mr. President, — It is, sir, a sad duty that devolves upon me to add to what my friend from Ward 16 has said in seconding the passage of the resolutions. The occasion is a cause of regret for our country, our State, and our city. In politics there are principles which divide us, but at such a time as this, sorrow cloaks all but our mourning in forgetfulness. In the country's history there have been many men of the hour who have received the homage of the American people. To a Washington, a Jefferson, a Jackson, a Lincoln, and a Grant has this homage of a great people been bestowed. At such a time as this we forget whatever of doubt we may have had of the wisdom of personal acts, and alone remember the patriot and leader of a host in which many who were dear to us fought for the glory of the old flag. We alone see the American, the soldier, and the loyal citizen, and in our admiration forget our prejudices. In his many trials and sufferings for the past year the reunited country looked pityingly towards his bedside, and from the en-

campments and reunions of the boys who wore the gray have been sent greetings of peace, love, and good-will to the great commander of the blue, and to-day they mourn the common loss of the whole nation. In bidding farewell to General Grant, we do so not as to a successful politician, not as to a military chief, but rather as to a fellow-countryman and loyal citizen.

Mr. Collison, of Ward 6, said: —

Mr. President, — For that great General to whom so often and so justly the hearts of the men of America have offered the laurel wreath, for him to-day we twine the cypress. Day after day has the struggle, so sure to end in death, gone on. Hope has given way to anxiety, anxiety to fear, and fear to final despair. Now the end has come, and the country weeps at the loss of her son who braved danger in all its forms for freedom's sake. His life was above all that of a true American. There is, perhaps, no other land in the world where such a career could have been possible. Born in humble state, owing nothing to rank, he flies at the nation's call to her rescue; stoutly, too, did he stand for her, — a tower of strength in the darkest hours; and then, when at last peace, following her victorious eagles, comes again, he is hailed as his country's saviour. Having served bravely and well upon the field of battle, he yields to the mighty cry of his countrymen, and is elevated to the chair of Washington to lead in happier and more peaceful ways the people whom he loved so well, preserving always the simplicity and purity of his character, and then goes back to retirement, re-

taining still the love of all. Wherever floats the starry flag of freedom, the flag that inspired our dead hero in the victorious and glorious services he gave his country that liberty and unity might continue to exist in the Western World, the name and the fame of Ulysses S. Grant, soldier, President, patriot, are known everywhere, even to the humblest and lowliest of God's creatures. I need not tell you of the life of this man. It is an open book, which every man has read, and, reading, wondered and admired. Now the last page, the last words, have been written; never will that book be closed, but still open will it remain as the years and the ages roll on forever ceaselessly, an inspiring incentive to love of country.

Mr. Whitcomb, of Ward 18, said:—

Mr. President, — I desire to add but a word to the tributes already paid to the departed by the eloquent remarks of my fellow-members in the Council. As I listened to their inspiring and fitting words I have been reminded how inadequate to express the wide-spread grief of our nation and city are all human utterances. General Grant, our grandest soldier since the days of Washington, a sufferer for months with a malignant disease, and without complaining, has at last been released from his earthly bondage, and his patient and patriotic soul borne to its haven of final rest. But although he, by his physical presence, will never again inspire the victorious army on martial fields, nor successfully undertake the important responsibilities of official civil life, which as President of the United States he so

modestly assumed, yet his noble career, as remarkable as it was honorable, shall, in its perpetuation in the history of our country, live forever an enduring monument to his patriotic zeal in behalf of the cause of human liberty and to his undying and exemplary devotion to the welfare of his native land. May the grateful memory of a sorrow-stricken people keep forever fresh in the minds of our youth the name of one of America's most honored Presidents, and greatest benefactors, Ulysses S. Grant. I join most heartily, Mr. President, in seconding the resolutions.

Mr. Jenks, of Ward 9, said: —

Mr. President, — To-day the tolling bells of mourning announced to the citizens of the republic that a most illustrious and honored man had passed away. For weeks a grateful and sympathetic people had directed anxious attention to the bedside of the patriot sufferer. We gladly embrace the occasion to offer our tribute of respect and devotion to the memory of one whom, through years of trial and adversity, when the life of the nation was endangered, was regarded as our leader, and in whom we placed our faith, confidence, and dependence. Later, when the impending dangers of civil discord had rolled away, we recall the unanimity and enthusiasm with which a grateful people called him to the enjoyment of the highest honor in the gift of the republic.

His term of office expired, modest and unassuming, he retired to private life with the blessings of all his fellow-citizens upon him. That one, whose life had been spent

in the midst of danger and great affairs, should be taken from us by insidious disease, which preyed upon his life and rendered his last moments those of great suffering and pain, we can but deeply deplore, recognizing through it all the heroic fortitude with which he bore the affliction.

Mr. White, of Ward 17, said: —

Mr. President, — It seems to me that I can add nothing more to what has been covered by the resolutions. He who was our greatest citizen, a man more eminent and honored here and abroad than any citizen or ruler of any nation, has been stricken with death. He was an undaunted soldier, a magnanimous conqueror, the President and ruler who loved his whole people and his whole country. He stood before the world the first American citizen, not because he was the leader of our armies or the President, but because he represented American citizenship in all its breadth; and his memory will be loved and cherished by the people of the North, South, East, and West, as long as the stars and stripes are the emblems of our nation. I join, Mr. President, in seconding the resolutions.

Mr. Emmons, of Ward 1, said: —

Mr. President, — I, too, endorse the resolutions now before the Council. It is fitting that the city of Boston should meet by its representatives on this day and testify to the respect which we have for the distinguished dead,

and to mingle our sorrow with that of the rest of the citizens of this republic, and with the family of the deceased. On this day the eyes of the civilized world are turned to Mt. McGregor. There lies a man, stricken with death only this morning, who made a name which shall be immortal. That man, born in obscurity a little more than sixty-three years ago, spending forty years of his life in obscurity, bounded in four years to the foremost place in this nation. That man must have been a man of genius. That man must have been raised up of God to meet the emergency which came upon this nation. And well did he meet that emergency. Starting in the West when the disasters to our arms in the East had cast down the nation, and rendered us fearful that a great calamity might come upon us which would ruin the nation, — starting in the West, at Fort Donelson, he threw the first ray of cheer upon our darkened horizon; and from that day to Appomattox, as has been well said, he brought us nothing but good tidings. In every emergency, wherever he has been placed, he has acquitted himself as a faithful servant, and as the master of the situation. When at Vicksburg, the attack upon the North had failed, when the design of cutting off the city by a canal had failed, passing his army down the west side of the river, compelling the gunboats to run the batteries that crowned the height and lined the water-side, throwing his army across to the south side of the city, and swinging out from his base of supplies, he fought two armies at once, separated them, drove one army into Vicksburg and there imprisoned it, and then defeated the other, — the man that did that must have been a man of genius, especially

when we know that he did it in the face of the adverse counsels of most of his subordinate officers.

When one army was shut up in Chattanooga, when another army was beleaguered at Knoxville, General Grant was summoned to the relief of those armies, and well did he acquit himself there. Summoning his forces from different quarters, until he was able to assume the aggressive, he fought the battles above the clouds, stormed Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and drove the enemy back. The man who did that was certainly a military genius of the highest order. Summoned afterwards to take command of the Army of the Potomac, I well remember when he came there, for I was one of the humble soldiers of the army. I remember with what cheer he came to us, and how we believed he would finally lead us to victory; and he did. And soon the Wilderness and Appomattox crowned the victorious army with success, and crowned him with laurels also. At Appomattox not only was he crowned with military laurels, but he was crowned with other laurels too. The foe having laid down his arms, the spectacle was presented of the victor feeding the vanquished, and saying unto them, "Go, and be disturbed no more, so long as you observe your parole and the laws of the land." From that time to this they have not been disturbed, and it was owing to the clemency of General Grant, I have no doubt, that much mischief was averted from this nation. I think that in the battles of the Wilderness the genius of General Grant shone out most illustriously. It may be easy to read of those battles, to see that so many thousand men battled with each other,

that so many were killed and wounded; but to work out the details of those battles required a master mind. Operating troops in the midst of woods is no easy task; but General Grant distinguished himself there, and showed the military genius which he had exhibited through the war. Forming his lines with the roads in his rear he was ready to meet the attack of General Lee whenever he chose to bring on his columns to the assault. Breaking a portion of his army from the right of his line, he marched it by the road in his rear and placed it upon his left, keeping the remainder always in line ready for attack. In that masterly way he worked his way to Petersburg, and fought his way from there to Richmond.

Elevated by his fellow-citizens, after the glorious close of the war, to be the President of these United States, he acquitted himself as well as it was possible under the circumstances. It was as a military man that General Grant's genius is most acknowledged. As a business man he was evidently not a success. In all other walks he did not exhibit the genius which he did in military affairs, and it is evident to my mind, from the circumstances which took place, that he was the instrument raised up of God to meet the emergency. When the war commenced no man on this continent had seen a hundred thousand men under arms. The wars of the Revolution were fought with a handful of men; battles were won in Mexico with a few thousand soldiers; and to place a man at the head of hundreds of thousands of men, as was done at the outset of the late war, would certainly have ended in disaster, unless he was raised up and had the training for it. General Grant commanded

a company, and then a regiment, and passed through various degrees of promotion, each step preparing him for the next, and each experience preparing him for the entire charge of the army. And well did he do it. And he has shown the same fortitude in his sickness that he did in battle. He has sternly faced the foe, and he has fought the good fight to its end. His career is now over, and we can say, North, South, East, and West, with no bitterness, with no animosity, that the name of General Grant will live as long as history records an illustrious name upon its pages.

The resolutions were passed in concurrence by a unanimous rising vote.

Messrs. Osborne, of Ward 21; Denney, of Ward 12; and White, of Ward 17 were joined to the committee.

The order for the display of flags, tolling of bells, etc., on the day of General Grant's funeral was passed in concurrence.

The order for a eulogy was passed in concurrence, and Messrs. Coe,[1] of Ward 23; Emmons, of Ward 1; Taylor, of Ward 8; Hersey, of Ward 21; and W. H. Murphy, of Ward 3, were joined to the committee.

Adjourned on motion of Mr. Rosnosky.

[1] Mr. Whitcomb, of Ward 18, was subsequently appointed on the committee, in place of Mr. Coe, who resigned.

MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL.

MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL.

In accordance with the expressed desire of many citizens a public meeting was called in Faneuil Hall for Monday, the twenty-seventh of July, at twelve o'clock noon. At the appointed time the hall was well filled with a representative gathering of people anxious to listen to words of eulogy of the nation's foremost citizen.

Among those on the platform were His Excellency Governor George D. Robinson, His Honor Mayor Hugh O'Brien, Judge Charles Devens, ex-Mayor F. O. Prince, Hon. Henry B. Peirce, Secretary of State; Hon. F. W. Lincoln, Solomon B. Stebbins, Edward S. Tobey, Thomas J. Gargan, Dr. H. I. Bowditch, Matthew Bolles, Bishop Mallalieu. The meeting was opened with remarks by the Mayor, who spoke as follows: —

OPENING REMARKS OF HIS HONOR MAYOR O'BRIEN.

Surrounded by these draperies of mourning, the occasion that calls us together is solemn and impressive. The great soldier, on whose strong arm we relied in our hour of need, has at last been conquered. Death claims the victory, and we bow down to the Supreme Will.

But a few hours after the telegram announced the death of General Grant the City Council met and paid a tribute to his memory. It is also very appropriate to

open the doors of Faneuil Hall and invite our citizens generally to unite in honoring the illustrious dead. In this historic hall, sacred to the memory of Warren, of Paul Revere, of Sam. Adams, of John Hancock, and other revolutionary spirits who laid the foundation of this great nation, it is but right that we should do all we can to honor the name and memory of the great soldier, who, in his day and generation, did more than any other man to preserve it.

I will now request His Excellency the Governor of the State to preside on this occasion, and I take pleasure in introducing him.

Thus introduced, the Governor came forward amid applause. He said: —

I take the liberty to call upon Bishop W. F. Mallalieu, of New Orleans, who will invoke the Divine blessing.

Bishop Mallalieu offered the following prayer: —

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God." But we are like the "grass which groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth;" and yet in deepest sorrow we turn to Thee, the source of all comfort; in darkest hours we look to Thee for light; when all earthly helps and hopes fail we trust still in Thee, since each child of Thine may say, "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the

Shadow of Death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." O God! we walk even now amid the shadows of death, and we call upon Thee to be near us and let us feel Thy presence and Thy love. Thou hast visited us and taken from us the idol of our hearts. A prince and a mighty man has fallen. The faithful husband, the loving father, the steadfast friend, the truest patriot, the grandest leader of men, the ever victorious general, the most magnanimous conqueror, the incomparable statesman, the most patient of sufferers, the humble Christian, our own beloved God-given Grant rests from his trials while the nation mourns his loss. God pity us and have compassion upon us!

We thank Thee, our heavenly Father, that in the day of trouble Thou didst raise up this man; that Thou didst keep him amid all perils and didst enable him to preserve the life of the nation, and secure for all its people the blessings of civil and religious liberty. We thank Thee for the bright example he has left to us and to future generations, of courage, perseverance, heroism, unselfish philanthropy and patriotism. We thank Thee that at last he was permitted to pass away in peace and quietness, blessed with the loving ministries of wife and children and friends, and comforted by the warmest sympathies and prayers of all the people of this land. And now, O God! we most humbly pray Thee to bestow Thy blessing upon us who are assembled in this place hallowed by immortal memories. May this hour be one of lasting profit to all our souls. As we think of him whose virtues we commemorate may grace be given us to emulate all that

was excellent in his character that we may share with him the Divine approval.

But we pray Thee, as all our people, North and South and East and West, shall bow in solemn, tearful silence around the dead, may all wrath and bitterness be banished from all hearts, and may friendship, unity, and righteousness everywhere prevail and abound.

We tenderly commend to Thee the deeply afflicted family. God of all mercy and grace, bless the widow, be near her to comfort and console, to soothe and strengthen, to watch over her in all the future, and let Thine own infinite love be her abiding portion. Bless the children, and in all the years to come may they share in the richest gifts of Thine own bountiful hand.

O God! sanctify to the good of our own nation and rulers, and to the good of all the nations and rulers of the earth, the life and death, the example and influence of the departed. Give us such divine help that we may live in Thy fear, and faithfully perform our work, and then bring us to the rest and home of Thine own children, for the sake of Jesus Christ, Thine only Son, our Saviour; to whom with the Father and the Holy Spirit be all praise and glory, world without end. Amen.

ADDRESS OF HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR GEORGE D. ROBINSON.

The sadness of the event which touches all hearts brings this assemblage together to-day. Everywhere throughout the land, whether in the crowded city or in the remote cottage, there is a deep feeling of sympathy

and personal bereavement because one who was dear and great and true has gone out from the people forever. My lips are not to speak his eulogy here, nor is it the duty of this moment to attempt to make a just and fair and comprehensive estimate of his work and life. We pause ere the grave opens to receive his remains, and with bowed heads recognize the hand of the great Providence over us; proudly cherishing the memory of him whom we loved and honored and trusted, we pause for a moment amid our tears and our sighs to express appreciation of his life. The great hero, over whose bed of pain and suffering for many months, millions have bent day after day in tearful sympathy and prayerful hope, that great hero was none the less one because he was of the common lot of humanity. He was a man born under no circumstances of fortune but found in the call of the country to duty, a summons to a development to which his great powers and unflinching fortitude and unmoved calmness never proved unequal.

The story of his rapid advancement from the uneventful life of a private citizen, by successive victorious steps in campaign after campaign, until in response to the universal demands of the people he became the great chieftain of the greatest armies that were ever marshalled, in the most remarkable conflict of the world, — that story is wonderful beyond words to describe. One need not recount it here; the facts are within the memory and knowledge of the great body of our people. Again, too, we linger not to speak of his career as the great civil magistrate of this republic; we point not to the leading

acts of his administration; we leave to history that shall be written in the coming years the full estimate of his great life in the field and in the presidential chair. But there is one thought that to me demands emphasis at this time, and out of it comes the impression that is so firm in the hearts of the people. True, his opportunities and success as a military leader placed him before the people; again is it true that his exalted station as President of the United States moved him farther forward into the first rank among men; but I dare say that the people have felt closer to Ulysses S. Grant, and had a deeper sympathy with him, and a surer trust in him, not because of his military leadership alone, nor of his services as Chief Magistrate of the Republic, but because he was first and last a true American citizen.

Stepping from citizenship through the high ranks and places of power, he was yet man enough when the responsibilities could be laid down, to put aside his great influence and control, and to be one among his fellow-men. No flattery ever unmanned him; no honors, however abundantly they were bestowed, at home or abroad ever corrupted him; no attentions ever *swerved* him from the constant, prevailing recognition that he was an American. Indeed, he illustrated through all his life the sure and perfect type of the strong, intelligent, loyal, fearless man, unspoiled by honors.

More demands our admiration at this time. No one fails to see his great power as a man among men manifested to a higher degree in his participation in home life. He, the loving and true husband, the fond father, found in the domestic circle the greatest

delights of his life. And as the weeks have gone in our sadness and tears, what joy has come up as we have witnessed the fidelity of that family at the bedside of our dying hero! The lesson to the people of the United States from such events can never be overestimated. The great Lincoln, the martyred Garfield, the heroic Grant, exalted though they were, honored above all their fellows, yet they, in their great strength of human nature, enjoyed the purity and wealth of that home life that makes our institutions safer and surer. How happy, indeed, is it that through all the conflicts and dangers of the battle-field, through the possibilities of remote travel in foreign lands, his life was spared that he might come home and dwell a citizen among his fellows, and enjoy to the full the fruits of his great labors! His friends, his sympathizers, were not alone of those who fought under his command, but from the ranks of those who were then his enemies now come the cheerful words of sympathy and tenderness, and all through the land the people feel their own hero has yielded to death.

In very truth he has fought his fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith. The spot where his body shall be placed will be indeed and forever holy ground: in summer's heat, in winter's blast, by sunshine or storm, millions will journey there, through all the coming generations, to renew their devotion and fealty to the cause of human brotherhood and freedom. No structure, however costly or imposing, shall ever be his fitting memorial: that is found in the mighty and abundant recognition of his fellow-men; that is better

built and stands firmer in the great American Union, that was saved and perpetuated by his might and his valor; that shall rest its base upon every inch of the territory of this great republic, and in the coming time, in recognition of him and his services, it shall be perpetuated by a happy and prosperous and free people.

The Governor next introduced ex-Mayor F. O. Prince, who offered the following resolutions: —

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Boston, by our representatives in Faneuil Hall assembled, having deeply sympathized with ex-President Ulysses S. Grant in his long and severe physical suffering, borne with manly and characteristic fortitude, now share the general sorrow of the nation in his decease.

Resolved, That although his great work was done, and all the high trusts reposed in him fully and faithfully executed, so as to entitle him to rest from his labors in the enjoyment of his well-earned fame, we unite with our countrymen in all sections of the republic in regarding the loss of this eminent citizen as a common calamity which fills the nation with mourning.

Resolved, That the great military services of this illustrious soldier in the recent war for the preservation of the Union, which so largely contributed to its successful result, entitle him to the gratitude of the country through all time. That his great martial virtues, his patriotism, his loyalty, his fortitude, his patience, and his valor, so constantly displayed in the memorable contest, reflect honor on the American character, are just causes

for national pride, and will make our annals forever celebrated. That the magnanimity of the victor upon the submission of his enemy; his constant subordination of military to civic authority when the objects of the war had been accomplished; his unselfish ambition; his respect for the law of the country; his watchful regard for the public interests; his republican simplicity of character and life; his modest bearing in the highest office of the government, and, when receiving in both hemispheres the homage accorded to distinguished merit and illustrious public service, not only make his memory dear to the hearts of the people, but give him a place with Washington and Lincoln in the national pantheon. That, as the centuries advance, history will keep his glorious record before each succeeding generation, and rehearse his patriotic career for the emulation of our youth, who are the hope of the country, and upon whom it must rely for defence in the hour of danger.

Resolved, That we condole with the bereaved family of our dead hero, and indulge the hope that when the pain from the loss of one no less distinguished for domestic than for public virtues shall be soothed by time, they will find consolation and comfort in the recollection of the great benefits he has conferred upon the country, and in the consciousness of the grateful affection which hallows his memory in the popular heart.

SPEECH OF EX-MAYOR FREDERICK O. PRINCE.

Mr. Chairman, — In presenting these resolutions, and asking their adoption by this meeting, permit me to say

that I feel deeply the solemnity of this occasion. After months of intense physical suffering, the great soldier, who had seen so many of his heroic companions in arms give their lives on the battle-field in defence of the national flag, has at last himself surrendered to that foe who, sooner or later, ever conquers. Never before in the history of the country — I might say of any country — have the illness and death of any man, however distinguished, elicited such general and affectionate sympathy as has been everywhere expressed for this illustrious citizen. We should be thankful that he was permitted to live long enough to know something of this. In a letter written shortly before his death he says: "It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions toward me in person from people of all nationalities, of all religions and of no religion, of Confederate and national troops alike, of soldier organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious, and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure." We all know how genuine all this kindly feeling is.

When we remember the perils which threatened the very existence of the country during the civil war, the vast armies which were arrayed against it, the great extent of territory over which the war was waged, the difficulties which impeded the government, and all the magnitude of the contest, we can appreciate the services of him who may be said to have organized victory, and to have been the most important factor in bringing the war to a successful conclusion. When such a benefactor dies, gratitude and grief naturally call together those who have

been benefited for condolence. The desire for that relief which comes from the interchange of sympathy in affliction is almost irresistible. Therefore it is that the citizens of Boston, always loyal to the Constitution, which makes us one people, and to the Union, which is the palladium of our free institutions, have here assembled to express their sense of the great loss which the nation has sustained and their condolence with their countrymen in every section of the land under this great bereavement. It is difficult to believe that he of the brave spirit and indomitable will, the intrepid victor of so many battles, has passed away, that the place which once knew him will know him no more forever. But he is not dead. He is

"Of the few, the immortal few,
Who were not born to die."

He lives in the hearts of his countrymen, and there he will continue to live as long as the love of country and of the Union shall animate our people. The conqueror rarely gets the good will of the conquered. Yet General Grant not only subdued the hosts, but the hearts, of his foes, for the South has shown as much sympathy for the suffering and dying hero as the North. But it could not be otherwise with his brave opponents. They knew his nature. They knew all the qualities of his great heart. They knew that he drew his sword at the command of duty and patriotism to preserve the Union, and not for their oppression; and, when this object was obtained, that there were no vindictive memories and no vindictive action; that the great General was the friend of all, South

as well as North, who obeyed the laws and respected the flag.

We are too near the scenes of the mighty contest to appreciate fully its causes and all the motives of the actors therein. Perhaps it is best that we should not have too much of the evil knowledge, for the history of civil strife is ever painful, and much of it should be allowed to perish. But while we consign to oblivion many of the dreadful memories of that fraternal war, a grateful country will permit no forgetfulness of Grant. It will ever cherish his fame as one of its most valued possessions, so that it will not fade, but grow with time. Already, by common consent, he has been accorded a place with the immortal ones, who in their day and generation have benefited their country and man.

The Hon. Charles Devens was next introduced and warmly applauded. He spoke as follows: —

ADDRESS OF GENERAL DEVENS.

Your Excellency, Fellow-Citizens, — A nation has watched by the dying couch of its greatest citizen; the leader of its armies in battle, the head of its civil government in peace. Anxiety, hope, and fear have contended, until at last it became certain that human efforts were in vain and that he who had been its tower of strength in the hour of a people's agony was to pass from among living men. Well may a nation swell the funeral cry for him whose strong hand and daring heart secured and protected its life.

As he has waited in the august majesty of impending death there have seemed to gather around him the tender memories of all who offered their lives for country in our great civil strife. The crowds that collected about his house in the great city, when some two or three months ago his death seemed immediate, were not mere curiosity-seekers, — there were fathers and brothers; there were mothers that had given their sons; there were girls, elderly women now, who had given up their lovers. To me these groups seemed infinitely affecting, for they were those who in that struggle had parted forever from their best and bravest. To the great chieftain who had led them through so many a hot and bloody day they brought the mute offering of their reverence and love, for it was to him they owed that those noble lives had not been sacrificed in vain. As he was the chieftain so he was the representative of the Federal army; that army which, springing from the people itself, vindicated the integrity of the American Union, swept from its States the curse of slavery and lifted a nation to a higher and nobler life. Long since that great army has passed away, yet it shall not be forgotten that in its day and generation and in its time and place it did for this country deeds worthy of immortal honor. It is twenty-four years since the great battle summer of 1861. To each of us they have brought joy and sorrow in their mingled web, but we turn back to that time freshly still as the tolling bell and the muffled drum announce that Grant has sunk to his final repose.

"Ne'er to the chambers where the mighty rest
Since their foundation came a nobler guest."

To-day is not one for criticism even if it be candid, and not unkindly. Our sense of loss is too acute, our emotions are too keen. Nor perhaps at any time could those of us who have followed him, who have known what it was to lean upon that determined will, who have seen him with the light of battle on his cheek, assume ever to speak of him with the cold neutrality of impartial history. If to that great tribunal all must come we are not competent to sit thereon as judges. Some future historian, some Parkman, some Bancroft, shall compare him with the great captains of antiquity or of modern history, shall weigh in nice scales his successes or his failures, the means at his command, the purposes he had in view, the results he finally accomplished, and shall then assign him his appropriate place. High although it must be, for this I shall care little, for his name is written indelibly upon a nobler list. His place is not with the Cæsars and the Hannibals, the Fredericks or Napoleons, and the conquerors of earth who have waded to fame or empire through blood and carnage, but with those who in the hour of danger and distress have borne upon their shoulders the weight of mighty States, who have preferred patriotism, duty, and honor to any selfish aggrandizement, who have drawn the sword reluctantly, who have sheathed it willingly when the time for reconciliation had come, and at the head of whom stands peerless and immortal our own Washington. His fame, like that of Washington, shall form forever one of the brightest jewels in the radiant crown of the Republic. It shall broaden and widen as her domains shall spread, as her vast and fertile wastes shall be peopled, and as great cities shall rise where to-

day only the hum of the wild bee breaks the stillness of the fragrant air. Yet to no generation of men can he be all that he has been to us. Already to many almost approaching middle life his achievements are but historical. But in us, who were of his time, there is a personal love and veneration toward him which cannot be communicated to others. All around him throughout the broad land there stretches the wide circle of those who perhaps never looked upon his bodily presence, that feel his loss as a personal grief. He has so inwrought himself with their just and patriotic feeling in the years that are past, that to them the earth itself seems less fair, this gorgeous, glowing summer less bright, now that he is gone. Willingly would I speak some words that shall tell the love we have borne him, the honor in which we hold his great deeds, the gratitude we have for all he has so splendidly done, but I realize how poor my utterance is.

The mean and sordid pecuniary cares that vexed his closing years of life but showed how truly resolute and upright he was. In selecting men in military life in whom to repose confidence, his view was singularly correct and just; it might be said to be perfect. He was a soldier to the inmost core; he knew everything that he needed then and made no mistakes. His education and studies had not fitted him with the same judgment in civil life. It was an error of a trustful, generous nature that led him to stand by those in whom he had once reposed confidence, even after there was legitimate reason for distrust. He gave generously and withdrew reluctantly, and thus as a civilian he was more than once grievously abused in official life. That he should show the same

disposition in dealing with his private and personal affairs might have been anticipated. But it was an error which most grievously he was compelled to answer.

Betrayed by cunning, intriguing knaves, when financial ruin came he met it with the old calm resolution. He was ready at once to strip himself of all he possessed, even of the very gifts which were the just memorials of his fame, that he might satisfy those who had trusted in him. Financial and commercial honor were as dear to him as any other honor. Calmly and resolutely he devoted himself to those unaccustomed labors by which he hoped to provide for those he was to leave behind him, and although racking pains always assailed him, although the weary brain and the once strong hand from time to time refused their office, he had the satisfaction of knowing that what he had undertaken he had accomplished. Recognition of his great services, even if somewhat tardily, came in his restoration to that position in the army which he had resigned in obedience to the call of the country, and it was a profound gratification to him to feel, ere he passed away, that the pecuniary future of his family would be provided for. Let them believe that the tenderest love of a grateful people will encompass them always.

It is twenty years since the only name worthy to be mentioned with that of General Grant has passed into history. It seems like a caprice of fortune that while the great soldier of the war of the rebellion went almost unscathed through an hundred fights, its great statesman should die by the assassin's hand. As to the great Hebrew chieftain who had led Israel through the Red Sea and the desert, it was ordained that he should but look on

the promised land, so to Abraham Lincoln it was given but to know that the Union was restored, that his life's work was done, and to die in the hour of final triumph. Between these great men from the day they met, and they had never seen each other's faces until after nearly three years of war, until the day Mr. Lincoln died, there had been the most generous confidence, the most trustful regard, the most firm faith that each had done in the past and would do in the future the utmost possible to sustain the other.

How like a wondrous romance it reads, that in that time of less than three years, from a simple captain, whose offer of his services to the War Department was thought of so little consequence that the letter, although since carefully searched for, cannot be found, Grant had risen from rank to rank, until he became the Lieutenant-General who was to unite all the military springs of action in a single hand, to govern them by a single will; to see, to use his own expression, that the armies of the Union pulled no longer "like a balky team," but were moved and animated by a single purpose! Yet his way had not been one of uninterrupted success, and there had been no success that had not been won by his own wisdom and courage. He had seized and controlled the Ohio and held Kentucky in the Union; he had opened the Tennessee and the Cumberland by the victories of Forts Henry and Donelson; but the much misunderstood battle of Shiloh had reduced him, uncomplainingly always, to a subordinate command under General Halleck, whose own failure at Corinth finally gave to him the command of all forces operating to open the Mississippi. Again

and again during the often repeated repulses from Vicksburg, there had been attempts to remove him, mainly at the instance of those who did not comprehend the vastness of the problem with which he had to deal. Mr. Lincoln had stood by him, saying in his peculiar way, "I rather like that man. I guess I will try him a little longer," until at last Vicksburg was taken by a movement marked with the audacity of a master in the art of war, who dares to violate established rules and make exceptions, when great emergencies demand that great risks shall be run. The 4th of July, 1863, was the proudest day the armies of the Union up to that time had ever known, for the thunders of the cannon that announced in the East the great victory of Gettysburg were answered from the West by those that told that the Mississippi in all its mighty length ran unvexed to the sea.

His victory at Chattanooga followed the placing of the armies of the West under his sole control, and the time had come when he was to direct the armies of the whole Union. His place was thereafter with the Army of the Potomac as the most decisive point of struggle, although its immediate command remained with General Meade. It was only thus and through its vicinity to the capital that he could direct every military operation. As he entered upon the great campaign of 1864, Mr. Lincoln said: "If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now with a brave army and a just cause may God sustain you." And General Grant had answered, "Should my success be less than I desire or expect, the least I can say is the fault is not with you."

Side by side they stood together thus through all the desperate days that ensued, until in April, 1865, the terrific and protracted struggle was ended between the two great armies of the East; the long-tried, always faithful Army of the Potomac held its great rival, the Army of North Virginia, in the iron embrace of its gleaming wall of bayonets, and the sword of Lee was laid, figuratively at least, in the conquering hand of Grant. Side by side Lincoln and Grant will stand forever in the pantheon of history, and somewhere in the eternal plan we would willingly believe those great spirits shall yet guard and shield the land they loved and served so well.

Whatever General Grant's errors or his weaknesses, — and he was mortal, — like the spots on the sun they but show the brightness of the surrounding surface, and we readily forget them as we remember the vast debt we owe. Whether without him we could have achieved success, it is certain that only through him we did achieve success. He was thoroughly patriotic, and his patriotism sprang from his faith in the American Union. He had been educated to the service of the government; he had looked to this rather than to the parties that exist under it, whose zeal sometimes leads men to forget that there can be no party success worth having that is not for the benefit of all. His political affiliations were slight enough, perhaps, but they had not been with the party that elected Mr. Lincoln. He knew well, however, that this frame of government once destroyed could never be reconstructed. He had no faith in any theory which made the United States powerless to protect itself. He

comprehended fully the real reason why the slave States, dissatisfied with just and necessary restraint, sought to extricate themselves from the Union; and he knew that a war commencing for its integrity, would broaden and widen until it became one for the liberty of all men, and there was neither master nor slave in the land.

His letter to his brother-in-law, lately published, although written during the first week of the war; his written remark to General Buckner in their interesting interview just before he died, "that the war had been worth all that it had cost," show how strongly he felt that, purified by the fires of the rebellion, the Union had risen grand and more august among nations. Who shall say he was not right? Who shall say that if all the noble lives so freely offered could be restored, but with them must return the once discordant Union with its system of slavery, they who gave would consent to have them purchased at such a price?

General Grant was not of those who supposed that the conflict with the South was to be any summer's day campaign; he knew the position of the South, its resources, its military capacity, and the fact that acting on the defensive it would move its armies on interior lines. He recognized the difficulty in dealing with so vast an extent of territory, and that in a war with a hostile people, rather than a hostile army only, we could often hold but the tracts of territory immediately under our camp-fires. Yet he never doubted of ultimate success. He never believed that this country was to be rent asunder by faction or dragged to its doom by traitors. He said to General Badeau once, who had

asked him if the prospect never appalled him, that he had always felt perfectly certain of success. Thus though to him many days were dark and disastrous, none were despondent. "The simple faith in success you have always manifested," said Sherman to him, "I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in the Saviour." His remarkable persistence has caused him sometimes to be looked on as a mere dogged fighter. No suggestion could be more preposterous. He felt sure of his plan before he commenced, then temporary obstructions and difficulties did not dismay him, and whatever were the checks he went on with resolution to the end.

If stern and unyielding in the hour of conflict, in the hour of victory no man was ever more generous and magnanimous. He felt always that those with whom we warred were our erring countrymen, and that, when they submitted to the inevitable changes that war had made, strife was at an end. But he never proposed to yield or tamper with what had been won for liberty and humanity in that strife.

He has passed beyond our mortal sight, sustained and soothed by the devotion of friends and comrades, by the love of a people, by the affectionate respect and regard of many once in arms against him. In that home where he was almost worshipped, he has wrapped "the drapery of his couch about him" as one that lies down to pleasant dreams. Front to front on many a field he had met the grim destroyer, where the death-dealing missiles rained thick and fast from the rattling rifles and the crashing cannon. He neither quailed nor blanched,

although death came at last with a summons that could not be denied, when all that makes life dear was around him. He could not but know he was to live still in memory as long as the great flag around which his fighting legions rallied should wave above a united people. To most men the call of death is terrible —

> "But to the hero when his sword has won
> The battle of the free,
> That voice sounds like a prophet's word,
> And in its hollow tones are heard
> The thanks of millions yet to be."

When Judge Devens, whose words had been frequently and warmly applauded, had ceased speaking, Governor Robinson said: —

The resolutions that have been offered are before you for your action. In the absence of objections they will be considered adopted unanimously. The chair so declares. The exercises will be closed with the benediction by the Rev. S. L. Gracey.

Mr. Gracey said: —

May the peace of God and the consolation of the Great Comforter abide with the bereaved family of our great commander. May the grace of God be in our hearts, leading us to a nobler and truer and better manhood, a more intense patriotism, and may the power and blessing that keep in peace and give not sorrow abide all over our broad land, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The audience then dispersed.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

The Special Committee of the City Council appointed to make arrangements for the memorial services extended an invitation to Henry Ward Beecher, to pronounce the eulogy, and the invitation was accepted, and the twenty-second of October was selected as the day upon which the services should be held.

The Tremont Temple Association tendered to the city the free use of their hall for the occasion, and their offer was accepted.

Among those officially invited by the committee, in behalf of the City Council, were the following: His Excellency the Governor and the members of his staff; the Executive Council; the Heads of State Departments; United States civil officers in Boston; the Judges of the Supreme and Superior courts; Ex-Mayors of Boston; city officials and representatives of the Press.

Tickets of admission were issued on account of the general desire on the part of the people to attend the services, and at the appointed time the hall was completely filled.

A large and life-like portrait of General Grant, painted by H. W. Berthrong and tastefully draped, hung in front of the organ.

At three o'clock the services commenced with a voluntary on the organ by Mr. Howard M. Dow; next followed Chopin's "Marche Funébre," performed by the orchestra and organ, the former being under the leadership of Mr. T. M. Carter.

Alderman PATRICK J. DONOVAN, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, then introduced Mayor O'BRIEN, and said: —

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — The committee having charge of these memorial services to-day have requested His Honor the Mayor to preside on this occasion. He has accepted the invitation of the committee, and I therefore take great pleasure in introducing to you as the presiding officer His Honor Mayor Hugh O'Brien.

The Mayor asked the attention of the assembly while prayer was offered by Rev. B. F. HAMILTON: —

PRAYER.

Let us pray. O Lord, Thou art God, and beside Thee there is none else. Thine is the kingdom, and Thine the power, and Thine the glory. Thou art the King among the nations. What is man, that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that Thou visitest him? Verily Thou hast created him but a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor, and put all things in subjection under his feet.

It becometh us, in whatever station we occupy in life, whether the highest or lowest, to bow reverently before Thee, and to cry, "Be Thou exalted, O God, above the heavens, and let Thy glory appear above the earth."

Called into Thy presence by the peculiar ordering of Thy Providence, we invoke the guidance of Thy Spirit in all that shall be said, and in all that shall be done. Sitting in the shadow of a great national sorrow, who shall

comfort, who shall direct, who shall help, but the God of heaven and earth.

We bless Thee for the renewed confidence we have that Thou hast set apart him that is holy for Thyself. We thank Thee again that the eyes of the Lord are upon the faithful in the earth, that they may dwell with Him. As we offer our prayers and supplications unto Thee, may our prayers come before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of our hands as the evening sacrifice; and, as we think of the great life that has been led in our midst and in this land, may the Spirit of God come to us, to seal to our hearts the lessons that shall be drawn therefrom. May he who shall speak unto us be inspired by Thy Spirit, and be directed by Thee in the words that he shall utter before us.

We thank Thee that there is such a character arising, appearing, going before, and passing on before our eyes. We thank Thee for its humble beginning. We thank Thee for its faithful continuance. We thank Thee for its glorious and triumphant death. We bless Thee for that peculiar exhibition of charity which suffereth long and is kind, which vaunteth not, and does not behave itself unseemly. We thank Thee for that pure heart which revolted so strongly against anything unjust and unseemly and ungodly. We thank Thee for that reverent spirit which never suffered a profane oath to pass from lips that knew no guile, and which bowed the head in honor to worship before the King of kings and Lord of lords. We thank Thee for that sweet, social life, that made home a sanctuary, and that carried its influence into the abode of kings, and into the council-chambers of the

rulers in the land. We thank Thee for that close friendship which brought friends to his heart, and bound them there like the heart of David to the heart of Jonathan. We thank Thee especially for that high moral courage which never quailed in the presence of danger, and which prompted this true man to go forth in the ways of duty until his duty was accomplished, although it be to the vanquishing of those that rose up against the land, and that then brought him to reach down and lift up the fallen foe, and place him upon the level with himself. We thank Thee for all that he did to bring peace in our land.

But we thank Thee especially for that strong faith which took hold upon that heart, which grasped the promises of God, and which enabled him to face the last enemy and go down to the dark valley fearing no evil, because Thou wast with him.

Blessed by Thy Name, O God, that there is so much in this character that disease cannot touch, that death cannot destroy. Again we have to cry, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?

And now we bow reverently before Thee, O God, that Thou mayst teach us the lessons that have been wrought out in this life, and inspire us with those principles of moral courage, true honesty, and devotion to truth, which are so conspicuously manifested in this exalted life. Bless each one of us now before Thee. Bless the officers of the government of the city of our habitation, and give them wisdom and discretion and all needed grace to discharge their responsible duties in Thy fear and to Thy praise.

Bless, we pray Thee, the State of our habitation; the goodly Commonwealth, which we call the State, where we dwell, and where we delight to express our devotion to the free institutions which our fathers planted here. Bless our land and bless the rulers thereof; may our officers continue to be peace and our exactors righteousness.

Remember us all in mercy, and let us feel that it is not for those that are far away to exhibit faith and devotion; that it is not simply for those who have occupied conspicuous positions in the past to manifest these high virtues. Let us all remember that in the conflicts that are now before us, the conflicts between right and wrong, between good and evil, between truth and error, it is for us to endure hardships, as good soldiers, and fight manfully the fight of faith. Help us all to do this, remembering that Thou hast promised, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

All these favors we ask in the name of Him who was dead and is alive forevermore; to Whom, with the Father and with the Spirit, be praise everlasting. Amen.

A portion of the following ode, composed for the occasion by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, was then sung by a select choir of ladies and gentlemen. The music was from Mozart's "Magic Flute," and the solos were sung by Miss Annie H. Lord and Mr. William Beeching: —

ODE.

Great Freedom! Maid divinely born,
Thine was the Champion that we mourn,
Thou, guest of triumph and delight,
Attend to-day our funeral rite.

When in thy cause our fathers bled,
Rebellion raised her angry head,
And Civil War, with mailéd hand,
Smote at the beauty of the land;

And many a chieftain came and went,
With thought perplexéd, ill content
To lead his troops with faltering breath
Deep in the glittering toils of death;

And many a household ope'd its door
To one whose lips should move no more:
The arrow rankling in its breast,
That sped that silent, solemn guest.

But when our greatest need was near,
We heard a sudden cry of cheer
That rolled and deepened. Could it be?
It was the shout of victory.

For on the field a master-hand
Marshalled and led the patriot band;
And, in an order grand and bold,
The din was hushed, the strife controlled.

Unblest the hands that loosed afar
The dreadful enginery of war!
Thrice blesséd he who marched amain
To bring us holy peace again.

A conqueror crowned for deeds of might,
But happiest in the victor's might,
When the strong arm that dealt the blow
Might lift and help the prostrate foe.

Rest with thy laurels, generous chief!
Lamented with a nation's grief,
Remembered with such grateful praise
As heralds thee to distant days.

Released from struggle to sweet sleep,
May loving hearts thy vigils keep,
While Faith's sure promise seals for thee
The last surpassing victory.

His Honor the Mayor then said: —

Ladies and gentlemen, Professor Moses True Brown has kindly consented to read a poem written for the occasion by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. It may not be out of place to remark that Miss Guiney is the daughter of General Guiney, the brave commander of the Ninth Regiment.

Prof. Brown then read the following poem: —

GRANT.

I.

Once to the pomp of the joy-bells' peal,
Supple as oak in his jointed steel,
The laurelled consul, released from marches,
Led tall Jugurtha under the arches,
Chafing in gyves at his car's gold wheel:

II.

But dumbly enduring the thorn and rood
Of war, for the hope of immortal good,
Our mighty leader outvied the Roman,
Laying, for chain on the neck of his foeman,
Compassion, and candor, and knightlihood!

III.

True metal he, to his bright sword's tip;
Potent and few the words of his lip.
  Cajoler of none; austere, yet tender;
  Of right, avenger, of wrong, amender:
Secure from the fever of rivalship:

IV.

With the lion's front, and his foot-fall mild,
Unangered, unshaken, and unbeguiled:
  From camps to the heavy trust of a nation;
  Through censure, and triumph, and desolation,
To pardon, and peace, and the sleep of a child.

V.

Behold our Soldier! And his advance
Meant forethought, labor, and sufferance.
  These make his worth; these, our thanksgiving;
  For he, in the charm of his simple living,
Was more than the heroes of old romance.

VI.

And thou, loadstar of our holiest pride,
When even the beauty of them that died
  Shone not in the heaven of our grief above thee,
  O Land, now like to the souls that love thee,
By anguish and misery purified!

VII.

Remembering tales of the captive kings
And their jeering victors; and, with these things,
  Thy day that was altar, and font, and sermon,
  When Johnson and Buckner, with Sheridan, Sherman,
Riding abreast where the Hudson sings,

VIII.

Down the blue ranks to the sacred sod,
Bore out our Greatest from paths he trod,
'Mid trailing of arms and drum-taps solemn,
And rustle of lowering flags in the column,
From the psalm of the guns to the peace of God.

IX.

Rejoice! Though the uttermost praise we frame
Be homage too poor, and forlorn acclaim,
The break in their voices — yea! that is glory,
Music, and garlands and oratory,
Noble for aye as his noble name.

The choir then sang the motetto "Gone through the Shadow," composed by H. M. Dow. Words by M. J. Savage, as follows: —

Gone through the Shadow!
Gone through the valley of Shadow!
Hail, O our Captain! Hail, O patient One, crowned as Victor!
Oh! our brother gone before us!
O'er earth's sorrows, o'er the death-pain, thou hast conquered!
Glory! Glory! Live now all glorious!
In our hearts still, as in old times, be thou cherished!
And in thy footsteps we'll follow!
Till for all men Death is conquered forever!
Amen! Amen! Amen!

Mayor O'Brien then introduced the orator as follows: —

Ladies and gentlemen, immediately after the announcement of the death of General Grant, the City Council of Boston met and passed appropriate resolutions, in honor

of the memory of the great soldier. One of our most eminent sons addressed his fellow-citizens at Faneuil Hall, and recalled the events of General Grant's life. To complete our tribute to the memory of that life, I have the honor of introducing the most distinguished and best-known orator in this country, the Reverend HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mr. Beecher stepped forward, in response to the Mayor's remarks, and was received with a round of applause. His address was delivered from notes, in a clear tone and deliberate manner, and he was followed with the closest attention by his appreciative hearers.

At the conclusion of the eulogy, which occupied about an hour in its delivery, the choir sang "The American Song," composed by V. CIRILLO. Words by M. J. SAVAGE. The solos were sung by Mrs. L. F. C. Richardson and Mr. Charles R. Adams. It was finely rendered, and formed a fitting close to the memorial services.

THE AMERICAN SONG.

I.

What song shall America sing,
  Young heir of the elder world,
Whose knee ne'er bent to a tyrant king,
  Whose banner defeat ne'er furled?
A song for the brave and the free!
  No echo of ancient rhyme;
But a shout of hope for the day to be,
  The light of the coming time!

Chorus. — A song for the brave, etc.

II.

From the dark low lands of the past,
Swelling loud o'er the victim's cries,
The hero's shout sweeps up the blast
Where wounded Freedom dies.
The drum's dull beat and the trumpet's blare
From the far-off years are heard;
But the pæan of kings is man's despair,
And the hope of the world deferred.

Chorus. — The drum's dull beat, etc.

III.

'Tis the song of the free we sing!
Of a good time not yet born,
Where each man of himself is king,
Of a day whose gladsome morn
Shall see the earth beneath our feet
And a fair sky overhead;
When those now sad shall find life sweet,
And none shall hunger for bread.

Chorus. — Shall see the earth, etc.

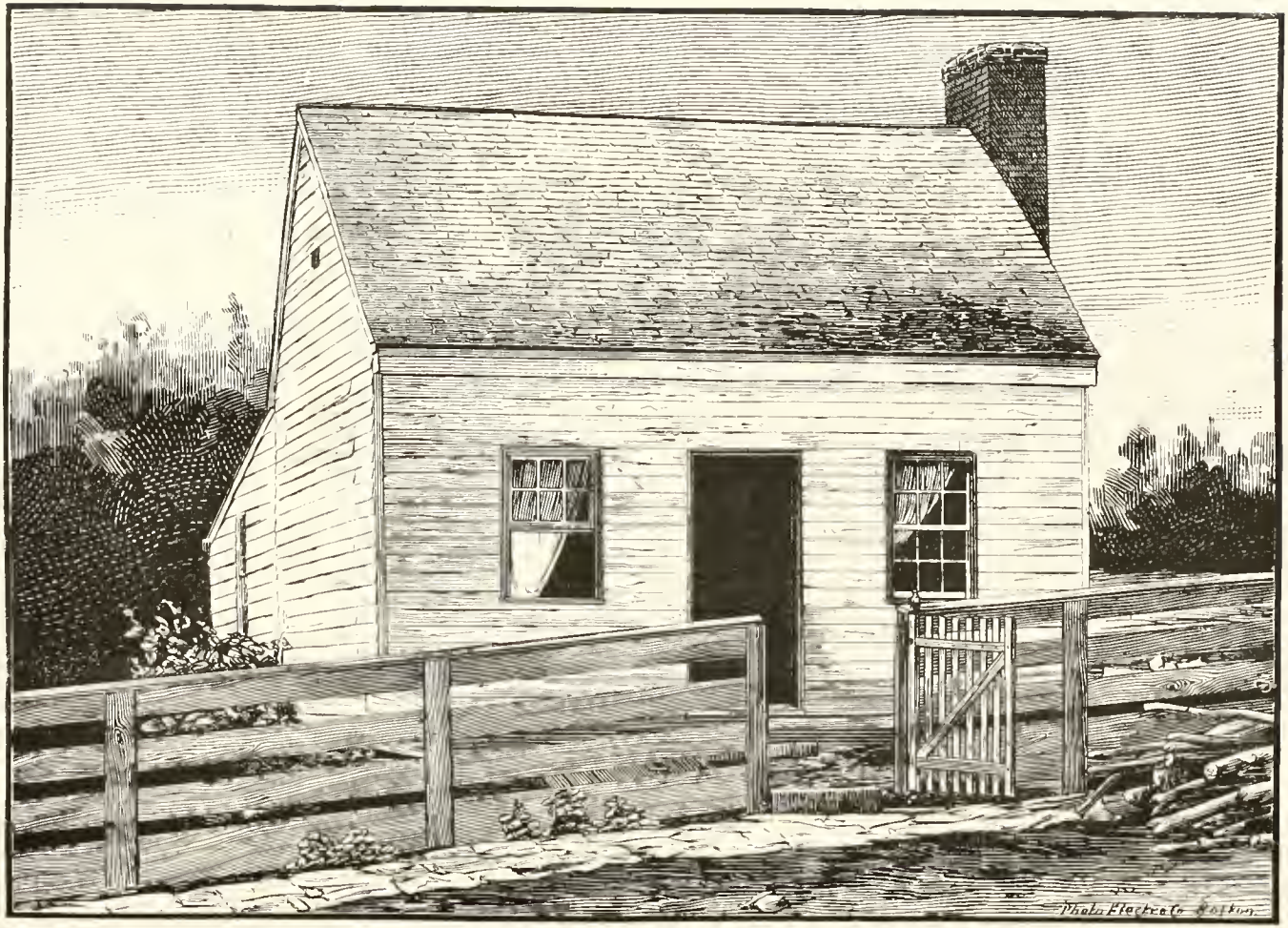
IV.

Sing, then, our American song!
'Tis no boast of triumphs won
At the price of another's wrong,
Or of foul deeds foully done.
We fight for the wide world's right,
To enlarge life's scope and plan,
To flood the earth with hope and light,
To build the *Kingdom* of *Man*.

Chorus. — We fight for the, etc.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton then pronounced the benediction, and the large audience gradually dispersed.

THE EULOGY, BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.



BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. U. S. GRANT.

POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.

THE EULOGY.

Another name is added to the roll of those whom the world will not willingly let die. A few years since storm-clouds filled his heaven, and obloquy, slander, and bitter lies rained down upon him.

The clouds are all blown away. Under a serene sky he laid down his life, and the Nation wept. The path to his tomb is worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims. The mildewed lips of Slander are silent, and even *Criticism* hesitates lest some incautious word should mar the history of the modest, gentle, magnanimous warrior.

The whole nation watched his passage through humiliating misfortunes with unfeigned sympathy; the whole world sighed when his life ended. At his burial the unsworded hands of those whom he had fought lifted his bier and bore him to his tomb with love and reverence.

Grant made no claim to saintship. He was a man of like passions, and with as marked limitations as other men. Nothing could be more distasteful to his honest, modest soul while living, and nothing more unbecoming to his memory, than lying exaggerations and fulsome flatteries.

Men without faults are apt to be men without force. A round diamond has no brilliancy. Lights and shadows,

hills and valleys, give beauty to the landscape. The faults of great and generous natures are often over-ripe goodness, or the shadows which their virtues cast.

Three elements enter into the career of a great citizen:

That which his ancestry gives;

That which opportunity gives;

That which his will develops.

Grant came from a sturdy New England stock; New England derived it from Scotland; Scotland bred it, at a time when Covenanters and Puritans were made, — men of iron consciences hammered out upon the anvil of adversity. From New England the stream flowed to the Ohio, where it enriched the soil till it brought forth abundant harvests of great men. When it was Grant's time to be born he came forth without celestial portents and his youth had in it no prophecy of his manhood. His boyhood was wholesome, robust, with a vigorous frame. With a heart susceptible of tender love, he yet was not social. He was patient and persistent. He loved horses and could master them. That is a good sign.

Grant had no art of creating circumstances; opportunity must seek him, or else he would plod through life without disclosing the gifts which God hid in him. The gold in the hills cannot disclose itself. It must be sought and dug.

A sharp and wiry politician, for some reason of Providence, performed a generous deed in sending young Grant to *West Point*. He finished his course there, distinguished as a skilful and bold rider, with an inclination to mathematics, but with little taste for the theory and literature of war, but with sympathy for its external and

material developments. In boyhood and youth he was marked by simplicity, candor, veracity, and silence.

After leaving the Academy he saw service in Mexico, and afterward in California, but without conspicuous results.

Then came a clouded period, a sad life of irresolute vibration between self-indulgence and aspiration through intemperance. He resigned from the army, and at that time one would have feared that his life would end in eclipse. Hercules crushed two serpents sent to destroy him in his cradle. It was later in his life that Grant destroyed the enemy that "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

At length he struck at the root of the matter. Others agree not to drink, which is good; Grant overcame the *wish* to drink, which is better. But the cloud hung over his reputation for many years, and threatened his ascendancy when better days came. Of all his victories, many and great, this was the greatest, that he conquered himself. His will was stronger than his passions.

Poor, much shattered, he essayed farming. Carrying wood for sale to St. Louis did not seem to be that for which he was created; neither did planting crops, or raising cattle.

Tanning is an honorable calling, and, to many, a road to wealth. Grant found no gold in the tan vat.

Then he became a listless merchant, — a silent, unsocial and rather moody waiter upon petty traffic.

He was a good subaltern, a poor farmer, a worse tanner, a worthless trafficker. Without civil experience, without literary gifts, too diffident to be ambitious, too modest

to put himself forward, too honest to be a politician, he was of all men the least likely to attain eminence, and absolutely unfitted, apparently, for preëminence; yet God's Providence selected him.

When the prophet Samuel went forth to anoint a successor to the impetuous and imperious King Saul, he caused all the children of Jesse to pass before him. He rejected one by one the whole band. At length the youngest called from among the flock came in, and the Lord said to Samuel, "Arise, this is *he;*" and Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed him in the midst of his brethren, and the spirit of the Lord came upon him from that day forward. (I. Sam. XVI.)

Ordained was Grant with the ointment of war — black and sulphurous.

Had Grant died at the tanyard, or from behind the counter, the world would never have suspected that it had lost a hero. He would have fallen as an undistinguishable leaf among the millions cast down every year. His time had not come. It was plain that he had no capacity to create his opportunity. IT must find him out, or he would die ignoble and unknown!

It was coming! Already the clouds afar off were gathering. He saw them not. No figures were seen upon the dim horizon of the already near future.

The insulted flag; the garments rolled in blood; a million men in arms; the sulphurous smoke of battle; gory heaps upon desperate battle-fields; an army of slowly moving crippled heroes; grave-yards populous as cities; they were all in the clouded horizon, though he saw them not!

Let us look upon the scene on which he was soon to exert a mighty energy.

This continent lay waiting for ages for the seed of civilization. At length a sower came forth to sow. While he sowed the good seed of liberty and Christian civilization, an enemy, darkling, sowed tares. They sprang up and grew together. The Constitution cradled both Slavery and Liberty. While yet ungrown they dwelt together in peace. They snarled in youth, quarrelled when half grown, and fought when of full age. The final catastrophe was inevitable. No finesse, no device or compromise could withstand the inevitable. The conflict began in Congress; it drifted into commerce; it rose into the very air, and public sentiment grew hot, and raged in the pulpit, the forum, and in politics.

The South, like a queenly beauty, grew imperious and exacting; the North, like an obsequious suitor, knelt at her feet only to receive contempt and mockery.

Both parties, Whig and Democrat, drank of the cup of her sorcery. It killed the Whig party. The Democrat was tougher, and was only besotted. A few, like John the Baptist, were preaching repentance, but, like him, they were in the wilderness, and seemed rude and shaggy fanatics.

If a wise moderation had possessed the South, if they had conciliated the North, if they had met the just scruples of honest men, who, hating slavery, dreaded the dishonor of breaking the compacts of the Constitution, the South might have held control for another hundred years. It was not to be. God sent a strong delusion upon them.

Nothing can be plainer than that all parties in the State were drifting in the dark, without any comprehension of the elemental causes at work. Without prescience or sagacity, like ignorant physicians, they prescribed at random; they sewed on patches, new compromise upon old garments; sought to conceal the real depth and danger of the gathering torrent by crying peace, peace, to each other. In short, they were seeking to medicate volcanoes and stop earthquakes by administering political quinine. The wise statesmen were bewildered and politicians were juggling fools.

The South had laid the foundation of her industry, her commerce, and her commonwealth upon Slavery. It was Slavery that inspired her councils, that engorged her philanthropy, that corrupted her political economy and theology, that disturbed all the ways of active politics; broke up sympathy between North and South. As Ahab met Elijah with "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" so Slavery charged the sentiments of Freedom with vexatious meddling and unwarrantable interference.

The South had builded herself upon the rock of Slavery. It lay in the very channels of Civilization, like some Flood Rock lying sullen off Hell Gate. The tides of controversy rushed upon it and split into eddies and swirling pools, bringing incessant disaster. The rock would not move. It must be removed. It was the South itself that furnished the engineers. Arrogance in Council sunk the shaft, Violence chambered the subterranean passages, and Infatuation loaded them with infernal dynamite. All was secure. Their rock was their fortress. The hand that fired upon Sumter exploded the

mine, and tore the fortress to atoms. For one moment it rose into the air like spectral hills; for one moment the waters rocked with wild confusion, then settled back to quiet, and the way of Civilization was opened!

The spark that was kindled at Fort Sumter fell upon the North like fire upon autumnal prairies. Men came together in the presence of this universal calamity with sudden fusion. They forgot all separations of politics, parties, or even of religion itself. It was a conflagration of patriotism. The bugle and the drum rang out in every neighborhood; the plough stood still in the furrow; the hammer dropped from the anvil; book and pen were forgotten; pulpit and forum, court and shop, felt the electric shock. Parties dissolved and reformed. The Democratic party sent forth a host of noble men, and swelled the Republican ranks, and gave many noble leaders and irresistible energy to the hosts of War. The whole land became a military school, and officers and men began to learn the art and practice of war.

When once the North had organized its armies there was soon disclosed an amiable folly of conciliation. It hoped for some peaceable way out of the war; Generals seemed to fight so that no one should be hurt; they saw the mirage of future parties above the battle-field, and anxiously considered the political effect of their military conduct. They were fighting not to break down rebellion, but to secure a future presidency, or governorship. The South had smelted into a glowing mass. It believed in its course with an infatuation that would have been glorious if the cause had been better! It put its whole soul into it, and struck hard.

The South fought for slavery and independence. The North fought for Union, but for political success after the War. Thus for two years, not unmarked by great deeds, the war lingered. Lincoln, sad and sorrowful, felt the moderation of his generals, and longed for a man of iron mould, who had but two words in his military vocabulary, VICTORY OR ANNIHILATION.

He was coming! He was heard from at Henry and Donelson.

Three great names were rising to sight, — Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan; and, larger than either, Grant! With his advent the armies, with some repulses, went steadily forward from conquering to conquer.

Aside from all military qualities he had one absorbing spirit, — the Union must be saved, the rebellion must be beaten, the Confederate armies must be threshed to chaff as on a summer threshing-floor. He had no political ambition, no imaginary reputation to preserve or gain. A great genius for grand strategy, a comprehension of complex and vast armies, caution, prudence, and silence while preparing, an endless patience, an indomitable will, and a real, downright fighting quality.

Thus, at length Grant was really born! He had lain in the nest for long as an infertile egg. The brooding of war hatched the egg, and an eagle came forth.

It is impossible to reach the full measure of Grant's military genius until we survey the greatness of this most extraordinary war of modern days, or it may be said of any age.

For more than four years there were more than a million men on each side, stretched out upon a line of be-

tween one and two thousand miles, and a blockade rigorously enforced along a coast of an equal extent. During that time, counting no battle in which there were not 500 Union men engaged, there were fought more than 2,000 engagements, — 2,261 of record.

Amid this sea of blood there shot up great battles, that for numbers, fighting, and losses will rank with the great battles of the world.

In 1862 the losses by death, wounds, and missing on each side, as extracted from Government records, were : —

	Union.	Confed.	Total.
1. Shiloh	13,500	10,699	24,199
2. Seven Pines and Fair Oaks	5,739	7,997	13,736
3. 7-Day Retreat and Malvern Hill	15,249	17,583	32,832
4. 2d Bull Run	7,800	3,700	11,100
5. Antietam	12,469	25,899	38,367
6. Fredericksburg	12,353	4,576	16,929
7. Stone River	11,578	25,560	37,138
1863.			
8. Chancellorsville	16,030	12,281	28,311
9. Gettysburg	23,186	31,621	54,807
10. Chickamauga	15,851	17,804	33,655
11. Chattanooga	5,616	8,684	
1864.			
12. Wilderness	37,737	11,400	49,137
13. Spottsylvania	26,421	9,000	35,421
14. Cold Harbor	14,931	1,700	16,700
15. Petersburg	10,586	28,000	38,586
16. Chattanooga to Atlanta	37,199		

Over 26,000 Northern soldiers died in prison in captivity. If we reckon all who perished by violence and by sickness on both sides, nearly a million died in the War of Emancipation.

The number must be largely swelled if we add all who died at home, of sickness and wounds received in the campaign.

The Secretary of War, in his report, dated November 22, 1865, makes the following remarks, which show more than anything else the spirit animating the people of the loyal States: "On several occasions, when troops were promptly needed to avert impending disaster, vigorous exertion brought them into the field from remote States with incredible speed. Official reports show that after the disasters on the Peninsula, in 1862, over 80,000 troops were enlisted, organized, armed, equipped, and sent into the field in less than a month. 60,000 troops have repeatedly gone to the field within four weeks. 90,000 infantry were sent to the armies from the five States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, within twenty days. When Lee's army surrendered, thousands of recruits were pouring in, and men were discharged from recruiting stations and rendezvous in every State."

Into this sulphurous storm of war Grant entered almost unknown. It was with difficulty that he could obtain a command. Once set forward, *Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, Appomattox,* — these were his footsteps. In four years he had risen, without political favor, from the bottom to the very highest command, — not second to any living commander in all the world!

His plans were large, his undiscouraged will was patient to obduracy. He was not fighting for reputation, nor for the display of generalship, nor for a future presidency. He had but one motive, and that as intense as life itself, — the subjugation of the rebellion and the restoration of the broken Union. He embodied the feelings of the common people. He was their perfect representative. The war was waged for the maintenance of the Union, the suppression of armed resistance, and, at length for the eradication of Slavery. Every step, from Donelson to Appomattox, evinced with increasing intensity this his one terrible purpose. He never wavered, turned aside, or dallied. He waded through blood to the horses' bridles.

In all this career he never lost courage or equanimity. With a million men, for whose movements he was responsible, he yet carried a tranquil mind, neither depressed by disasters nor elated by success. Gentle of heart, familiar with all, never boasting, always modest, — *Grant* came of the old self-contained stock, — men of a simple force of being, which allied his genius to the great elemental forces of Nature, silent, invisible, irresistible. When his work was done, and the defeat of Confederate armies was final, this dreadful man of blood was tender toward his late adversaries as a woman toward her son. He imposed no humiliating conditions, spared the feelings of his antagonists, sent home the disbanded Southern men with food and with horses for working their crops; and when a revengeful spirit in the Executive chair showed itself, and threatened the chief Southern Generals, Grant, with a holy indignation, interposed himself, and compelled his superior to relinquish his rash purpose.

There have been men — there are yet, for stupidity is long-lived — who regard Grant as only a man of luck. Surely he was! Is it not luck through such an ancestry to have had conferred upon him such a body, such a disposition, such greatness of soul, such patriotism unalloyed by ambition, such military genius, such an indomitable will, and such a capacity for handling the largest armies of any age?

For four years and more this man of continuous Luck, across a rugged continent, in the face of armies of men as brave as his own, commanded by Generals of extraordinary ability, performed every function of strategy in grand War, which Jomini attributes to Napoleon and his greatest marshals, and Napier to Wellington. Whether Grant could have conducted a successful retreat will never be known. He was never defeated.

Grant has been severely criticised for the waste of life. War is not created for the purpose of saving life, but, by a noble spending of blood, to save the Commonwealth. The great end which he achieved would have been cheaply gained at double the expense.

After the Battle of the Wilderness he was styled the *Butcher*.

But we are not to forget the circumstances under which the conduct of the last great campaign was committed to him. For four years the heroic and patient Army of the Potomac had squandered blood and treasure without measure, and had gained not a step. With Generals many, excellently skilled in logistics, skilful in everything but success, they fought and retreated; they dug, they waded, they advanced, and returned. They went

down to Richmond and looked upon it, and came back to defend Washington.

Their victories were fruitless. *Antietam* was ably fought, but weakly followed up. Gettysburg, with hideous slaughter, sent Lee back unpursued, undestroyed, though he waited three or four days, helpless, cooped-up and surely doomed, had Sheridan or Grant been in Meade's place.

The Army of the Potomac needed a General who knew how to employ their splendid bravery, their all-enduring pluck. They had danced long enough; they had led off — changed partners — *chassé* — they had gone into campaigns with slow and solemn music, but returned with quicksteps. They seemed desirous of making war so as not to exasperate the South.

Do not men know that nothing spends life faster than unfighting war? Disease is more deadly than the bullet. In all the war but one out of every forty-two that died was slain by the bullet, and one out of every thirteen by disease. 6,000,000 men passed through the hospitals during the war; over 3,000,000 with malarial diseases.

It seemed doubtful whether the Government was putting down rebellion, or whether Lee was putting down the Government. An eminent critic says: "The fire and passion, downright earnestness and self-abandon that the South threw into the struggle at the outset and maintained for two full years, had, it must be admitted, so far impaired the *morale* of the Union forces, that while courage was nowhere wanting, self-confidence had been seriously diminished."

This was especially true of the devoted and decimated

Army of the Potomac, whose commanders, after the first battle of Bull Run, always appeared to be afraid of exasperating the enemy. Driving Lee to extremities was the one thing that they were all loath to do. They would fight to the last drop of blood to defend Washington, to hold their own, to preserve the Union; but to corner the enemy, to drive him to desperation, to make him shed the last drop of his own blood, was the one thing they would not do, and no amount of urging could make them do it. It was this *arrière pensée* that held the hand of McClellan and of Meade after Antietam and Gettysburg. Both of these engagements were victories for the Army of the Potomac, and both were robbed of their fruits by a lurking fear of the lion at bay. "They are 'shooing' the enemy out of Maryland," said Lincoln, with his peculiar aptness and homeliness.

When Grant came to the Army of the Potomac, he reversed the methods of all who preceded him. Braver soldiers never were, nor more valiant commanders; but the Generals had not learned the art of fighting with deadly intent. Peace is very good for peace, but war is organized Rage. It means destruction, or it means nothing.

At the Battle of the Wilderness Grant stripped his commissary train of its guards to fill a gap in the line of battle. When expostulated with for exposing his army to the loss of all its provisions, his reply was: —

"*When this army is whipped, it will not want any provisions.*"

All summer, all the autumn, all the winter, all the

spring, and early summer again, he hammered Lee, with blow on blow, until, at Appomattox, the great, but not greatest, Southern General went to the ground.

Grant was a great fighter, but not a fighter only.

His mind took in the whole field of war, — as wide and complex as any that ever Napoleon knew. He combined in his plans the operations of three armies, and for the first time in the war, the whole of the Union forces were acting in concert.

He had the patience of Fate, and the force of Thor. If he neglected the rules of war, as at Vicksburg, it was to make better rules, to those who were strong enough to employ them.

Counsellors gave him materials. He formed his own plans. Abhorring *show*, simple in manner, gentle in his intercourse, modest and even diffident in regard to his own personality, he seems to have been the only man in camp who was ignorant of his own greatness. Never was a commander better served, never were subordinates more magnanimously treated. The fame of his Generals was as dear to him as his own. Those who might have been expected to be his rivals, were his bosom friends. While there were envies and jealousies among minor officers, the great names, *Thomas*, *Sherman*, *Sheridan*, give to history a new instance of a great friendship between great warriors.

Some future day a Napier will picture the final drama: the breaking up of Lee's right wing at Five Forks; Lee's retreat; Grant's grim, relentless pursuit; Sheridan, like a raging lion, heading off the fleeing armies, that were wearied, worn, decimated, conquered; and, at the end,

the modesty of their victorious General; the delicacy with which he treated his beaten foe; the humanity of the terms given to the men: sent away with food, and horses for their farms; all this will form a picture of *War and of Peace.*

He never forgot that the South was part of his country. The moment that the South lay panting and helpless upon the ground, Grant carried himself with magnanimous and sympathetic consideration. After the fall of Richmond he turned aside and returned to Washington without entering the conquered capital.

When Johnston surrendered upon terms not agreeable to Lincoln, Stanton, like a roaring lion fearing to lose its prey, sent Grant to overrule him. He loved Sherman, and was unwilling to enter his camp lest he should seem to snatch from him the glory of his illustrious campaign. From a near town he enabled Sherman to reconstruct his terms, and accept General Johnston's surrender.

When Lincoln was dead, Vice-President Johnson became President; a man well fitted for carrying on a fight, but not skilled in Peace, with a morbid sense of Justice, he determined that the leaders of rebellion should be made to suffer as examples; as if the death of all the first-born, the desolation of every Southern home, the impoverished condition and bankruptcy of every citizen, were not example enough! He ordered Lee to be arrested. Grant refused. When Johnson would have employed the army to effect his purposes, Grant, with quick but noble rebellion, refused obedience to his superior, and, arranging to take from his hands all military

control, repressed the President's wild temper and savage purpose of a dishonoring Justice.

Having brought the long and disastrous war to a close, in his own heart Grant would have chosen to have rested upon his laurels, and lived a retired military life. It was not to be permitted. He was called to the presidency by universal acclaim, and it fell to him to conduct a campaign of Reconstruction even more burdensome than the war.

It would seem impossible to combine in one eminent civil and military genius. To a certain extent they have elements in common. But the predominant element in war is organized *Force;* of civil government, *Influence.* Statesmanship is less brilliant than Generalship, but requires a different and a higher moral and intellectual genius. God is frugal in creating great men — men great enough to hold in eminence, the elements of a great General and of a great Ruler. Washington was eminent in Statesmanship; but then he was not a great General. At any rate he had no opportunity to develop the fact.

Alexander was a mere brutal fighter.

Cæsar as Emperor differed from Cæsar as General only as a sword sheathed differs from a sword unsheathed.

Frederick the Great was simply a military ruler.

Napoleon came near to combine the two elements in the earlier period of his career; but the genius of Force gradually weakened that sense of right and justice on which Statesmanship must rest.

Grant had in him the element of great Statesmanship; but neither his education, nor his training, nor the desperate necessities of war, gave it a fair chance of develop-

ment in a condition of things which bewildered the wisest statesmen. His admirable temper and fine sense of justice and truth fitted him to deal with the inflamed condition of the public mind. He had no animosities, no revenges, no secret ambition, and no commixture with schemes of gain. Whatever mistakes he made, he made them with a sincere belief that he was promoting the public welfare. This must, I think, be the final verdict: that, if Grant failed in statesmanlike conduct, there was no other public man that could have done better.

The tangled skein of affairs would have tasked a Cavour or a Bismarck. The period of Reconstruction is yet too near our war-inflamed eyes to be philosophically judged.

1. Came the disbanding of the army. That was so easily done that the world has never done justice to the marvel. The soldiers of three great armies dropped their arms at the word of command, dissolved their organizations, and disappeared. To-day the mightiest force on earth, to-morrow they were not! As a summer storm darkens the whole heavens, shakes the ground with its thunder, and empties its quiver of lightning, and is gone in an hour, as if it had never been, so was it with both armies. Neither in the South nor in the North was there a cabal of officers, nor any affray of soldiers, for every soldier was yet more a citizen.

In this resumption of citizen life, Grant, accompanied by his most brilliant Generals, led the way. He hated war, its very insignia, and in foreign lands refused to witness military pageants. He had had enough of war. He loved peace.

When advanced to the Presidency three vital questions were to be solved: —

1. The status of the four million emancipated slaves.

2. The adjustment of the political relations of the dislocated States.

3. The restraint and control of that gulf-stream of Finance which threatened to wash out the foundations of honest industry, and which brought to the nation more moral mischief than had the whole war itself. We are in peril from golden quicksands yet.

Grant was eminently wise upon this question. His veto saved the country from a vitiated and corrupting circulation.

The exaltation of the domestic African to immediate citizenship was the most audacious act of faith and fidelity that ever was witnessed.

Their fidelity to the duties of bondage was most Christian. In all the war, knowing that their emancipation was to be gained or lost, there was never an insurrection, nor a recorded instance of cruelty or insubordination. This came not from cowardice; for, when, in the later periods of the war, they were enlisted and drilled, they made soldiers so brave as to extort admiration and praise from prejudice itself. They deserved their liberty for their good conduct.

But were they prepared for citizenship? The safety of our civil economy rests upon the intelligence of the citizen. But the slaves in mass were greatly ignorant.

It was a political necessity to arm them with the ballot as a means of self-defence.

In many of the Southern States a probationary state

would have been wiser, but in others it would have remanded them to substantial bondage.

In this grand department of Statesmanship, General Grant accepted the views of the most eminent Republicans, — Stanton, Chase, Sumner, Thad. Stevens, Fessenden, Sherman, Garfield, Conkling, Evarts, and of all the great leaders.

In the readjustment of the political relations of the South he was wise, generous, and magnanimous in his career. Not a line in letter, speech, or message can be found that would wound the self-respect of Southern citizens.

When the dangerous heresy of a greenback currency had gained political power, and Congress was disposed to open the floodgates of a rotten currency, his veto, an act of courage, turned back the deluge and saved the land from a whole generation of mischief. Had he done but this one thing he would have deserved well of history.

The respects in which he fell below the line of sound statesmanship — and these are not a few — are to be attributed to the influence of advisers whom he had taken into his confidence. Such was his loyalty to friendship that it must be set down as a fault, — a fault rarely found among public men.

Many springs of mischief were opened which still flow. When it was proposed to nominate Grant for a third term the real objections to the movement among wise and dispassionate men was not so much against Grant as against the staff which would come in with him.

On the whole, if one considers the intrinsic difficulty of the question belonging to his administration, the

stormy days of politics and parties during his eight years, it must be admitted that the country owes to his unselfish disposition, to his general wisdom, to his unsullied integrity, if not the meed of wisest, yet the reputation of one who, preeminent in war, was eminent in administration, more perhaps by the wisdom of a noble nature than by that intelligence which is bred only by experience. Imperious counsellors and corrupt parasites dimmed the light of his political administration.

We turn from Grant's public life to his unrestful private life. After a return from a tour of the world, during which he met on all hands a distinguished reception, he ventured upon the dangerous road of speculation. The desire of large wealth was deep-seated in Grant's soul. His early experience of poverty had probably taken away from it all romance. Had wealth been sought by a legitimate production of real property he would have added one more laurel to his career. But, with childlike simplicity of ignorance, he committed all he had to the wild chances of legalized gambling. But a few days before the humiliating crash came he believed himself to be worth three millions of dollars! What service had been rendered for it? What equivalent of industry, skill, productiveness, distribution, or convenience? None. Did he never think that this golden robe, with which he designed to clothe his declining years, was woven of air, was in its nature unsubstantial, and not reputable? His success was a gorgeous bubble, reflecting on its brilliant surface all the hues of heaven, but which grew thinner as it swelled larger. A touch dispelled the illusion and left him poor.

It is a significant proof of the impression produced upon the public mind of the essential honesty of his mind, and of the simplicity of his ignorance of practical business, that the whole nation condoned his folly, and believed in his intentional honesty. But the iron had entered his soul. That which all the hardships of war, and the wearing anxieties of public administration could not do, the shame and bitterness of this great bankruptcy achieved.

The resisting forces of his body gave way. A disease in ambush sprang forth and carried him captive. Patiently he sat in the region and shadow of death. A mild heroism of gentleness and patience hovered about him. The iron will, that had upheld him in all the vicissitudes of war, still in a gracious guise sustained his lingering hours.

His household love, never tarnished, never abated, now roused him to one last heroic achievement, — to provide for the future of his family. No longer were there golden hopes for himself. The vision of wealth had vanished. But love took its place, and, under weakness, pain, and anguish, he wrought out a history of his remarkable career. A kindly hand administered the trust. It has amply secured his loved household from want.

When the last lines were written he laid back upon his couch and breathed back his great soul to God, whom he had worshipped unostentatiously after the manner of his fathers.

A man he was without vices, with an absolute hatred of lies, and an ineradicable love of truth, of a perfect loyalty to friendship, neither envious of others nor selfish

for himself. With a zeal for the public good, unfeigned, he has left to memory only such weaknesses as connect him with humanity, and such virtues as will rank him among heroes.

The tidings of his death, long expected, gave a shock to the whole world. Governments, rulers, eminent statesmen, and scholars from all civilized nations gave sincere tokens of sympathy. For the hour, sympathy rolled as a wave over all our own land. It closed the last furrow of war, it extinguished the last prejudice, it effaced the last vestige of hatred, and cursed be the hand that shall bring them back!

Johnston and Buckner on one side, Sherman and Sheridan upon the other, of his bier, he has come to his tomb a silent symbol that Liberty had conquered Slavery, Patriotism Rebellion, and Peace War.

He rests in peace. No drum or cannon shall disturb his rest.

Sleep, Hero, until another trumpet shall shake the heavens and the earth! Then come forth to glory in immortality.

L. of C.

FINAL PROCEEDINGS.

FINAL PROCEEDINGS.

At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen, held on the twenty-sixth of October, 1884, Alderman PATRICK J. DONOVAN offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted: —

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be expressed to the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER for his interesting and patriotic eulogy on the life and character of General ULYSSES S. GRANT, delivered before the city authorities on the 22d inst., in Tremont Temple, and that Mr. Beecher be requested to furnish a copy of his eulogy for publication.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be expressed to the United States authorities in Boston for the loan to the city of the portrait of General Ulysses S. Grant, for the memorial services in his honor at Tremont Temple on the 22d inst.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be expressed to Professor MOSES TRUE BROWN for the acceptable manner in which he performed the duty of reader at the memorial services at Tremont Temple on the 22d inst., in honor of General Ulysses S. Grant.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be extended to the Rev. B. F. HAMILTON for performing the

duty of chaplain at the memorial services at Tremont Temple on the 22d inst., in honor of General Ulysses S. Grant.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be extended to Miss Louise Imogen Guiney for the beautiful and appropriate poem, composed by her, at the city's request, and contribnted to the memorial services on the 22d inst., in honor of General Ulysses S. Grant.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be expressed to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe for her admirable poetical contribntion to the memorial services at Tremont Temple on the 22d inst., in honor of General Ulysses S. Grant.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be exexpressed to the trustees of Tremont Temple for their courtesy in allowing the city the free use of their hall for the memorial services on the 22d inst., in honor of General Ulysses S. Grant.

Severally passed unanimously. Sent down.

The Common Council on the fifth of November following, concurred with the Aldermen in the passage of the resolutions, and they were approved by the Mayor November 7, 1885.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF THE LIFE OF GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT.[1]

1822.	April 27.	Born at Point Pleasant, Ohio.
1839.	. . .	Entered West Point
1843.	. . .	Graduated from West Point
1847	September 8.	Made First Lieutenant on the battle-field of Molino del Ray, Mexico.
1847.	September 13.	Made Captain for bravery at Chepultepec, Mexico.
1861.	June 17	Colonel of Volunteers.
1861.	August 23.	Brigadier-General of Volunteers.
1862.	February 16.	Major-General of Volunteers
1863.	July 4.	Major-General of the Regular Army.
1864.	March 9.	Lieutenant-General
1866.	July 26.	General of the Army.
1867.	August 12.	Secretary of War, *ad interim.*
1869.	March 4.	President of the United States.
1877.	. . .	Citizen.
1885.	March 3.	General of United States Army, retired list.
1885.	July 23.	Died at Mount McGregor, New York.
1885.	August 8.	Buried at Riverside Park, New York City.

[1] From "Life and Deeds of Gen. Grant," by Rev. P. C. Headley.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00021122282